

The True and Tasteful Ballad of the Headless Kitchen Girl

(Authentic Version) Thanksgiving Camp 1987

It was late one night at Hi-Teens. We were sitting by the fire.
Joe and Shawn and Al and me, we watched the flames expire.
We heard a noise in the kitchen; we wondered what it could be.
We saw a girl with a scraper, no head and a bowl of spaghetti.

The sight of such a creature gave us all quite a scare.
As soon as we'd finished our coffee, we ran right out of there.
We woke up in the morning; our thoughts were still in a whirl.
We asked Miss Moyer to tell us 'bout the Headless Kitchen Girl:

A long time ago at Dorion Camp a girl worked in the kitchen.
She did the dishes with a smile and volunteered to pitch in
Wherever she could. She was so glad until she met her doom.
She fell in love with the counsellor at the end of the dining room.
Now one day he broke her heart through speaking carelessly.
She overheard him tell the guys she was a negative three.
She moped around and cried all day until her eyes were red.
One day while slicing carrots, she chopped off her own head.

I'm filled with the dread of the girl with no head.

Each passing night she chased us. Our fear grew more and more.
Until we hid in the cabin. She entered through the door.
Big Al reached out with something that he had worn all week.
This is a tasteful ballad; its name I will not speak.

"Gotcha!" he cried as the spectre faced with a yell.
Despite her years in the graveyard, she couldn't stand the smell.
We had a hero's ceremony. Al was cool as the Fonz.
As we unveiled the deadly weapon covered in bronze-coloured bronze.

But I'm filled with the dread of the girl with no head.

End of Headless Kitchen Girl Part One. Stay tuned for Part Two, coming up.

Next year after campfire, we looked into the flames.
We saw the Headless Kitchen Girl; we heard her call our names.
She planned to kill all the hunks at camp; how bitter was her soul.
She'd start with the least manly, working up toward her goal.

She started with Mike Gilmour; Richard last would be.
This was her chosen order, though some might not agree.
At night she came for Michael who cowered in his bed,
So he read aloud from his diary, which can bore even the dead.

Mike had saved us that night by quickly using his head.
The next night we were also safe in the land of Ed,
But that's another story and one I will not tell
About someone with something and someone down the

Well, I think I should continue, now that I have your attention.
To ward her off we wore around our necks clothes I should not mention.
At night, with Michael gone we hung them up like strings of garlic
And as an extra measure we lit a lot of Pic.

But one day to the laundry our clothes were taken away.
The ghost came through the chimney and we began to pray.
She headed straight for Richard, going right to the top.
She lifted up her scraper, but Richard cried out, "Stop!

Before you strike, one thing I'd like to see before you go.
You're bitter, yes, as I should guess; I've heard your tale of woe.
But there's a chance that your romance was ruined by bad taste.
It's in my view that I'd like you, if your head would be replaced."

So as a special favour she put her head on her neck.
She took a step toward me and klunk! her head hit the deck.
But, even with her broken nose, she looked to me like a queen.
I said, "You're not a negative three. I'd rate you as a fifteen!"

And so the Headless Kitchen Girl had her soul put to rest,
For when the Banquet came that week, I took her as my guest.
We broke the rule for staff members: First Timothy Chapter Five,
But I've heard it doesn't count unless your girlfriend is alive.

But I'm filled with the dread of the girl with no head.
End of Headless Kitchen Girl Part Two. Here comes Part Three. It's shorter.

The next year I was working to make my office clean.
I almost dropped my shovel when I beheld this frightful scene.
It was the Headless Kitchen Girl making quite a stir.
She'd come from the grave to kill me. I hadn't been faithful to her.

I offered her a coffee before I'd meet my fate.
We went into the dining room; I hoped that she would wait.
She sipped her cup of coffee. I attempted to ignore
The coffee streaming from her throat and the puddle on the floor.

While looking for some cookies, I found the Jason knife.
I hid the blade behind my back, my only chance for life.
I asked to see her lovely hands; another final request.
If she would grant me this one thing, I'd feel that I'd been blessed.

While her arms were outstretched, the air grew colder.
And I nearly retched as I hacked at each shoulder.
Our story now ends as you soon will see.
We're safe now my friends, 'cuz she's armless as can be.

I was filled with the dread of the girl with no head,
But I have no alarm 'bout the girl with no arms!

---Richard Pepper